



# The least I could do



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## Chapter 1 by Ian

"Whooah coool", grinned Joel as the long grey Bentley suddenly jinked skywards and then toppled slowly through the glass wall of the pool-house in a ball of orange fire and greasy smoke.

## Chapter 2 by Ian



Clark had been Joey's best buddy through college and for years afterwards. When Clark had started Gaspr, the social media site to connect smokers forced to stand alone outside offices, it had quickly gone from being a joke, to a media sensation through to a ticket to a level of wealth that his folks could never even imagine. In the early days, Clark parties hard and Joel was right there with him. When Joel needed a job, Clark was there for him.

It had felt wrong somehow, showing up in Clark's Frank Geary-designed shining monolith to do... well what exactly? He tried to be useful, but it was pretty clear to both of them that it was less a job; more a personal favour.

Over a steak dinner with a fair slew of serious Napa Valley Cab Sauv, Joel laid out his concern.

Clark thought for a while and then smiled. "I wondered how long it would take you", he said. "I don't suppose you have any ideas about what you want to do? Thought not."

"I have", he said slowly, "a proposition for you".

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